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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 21.

## REFUGE OF OPPRESSION

From the Lynn Pioneer.

### ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN NEW YORK.

It was our good fortune to spend most of the last week in the city of New-York, in company with our dear friends the Hutchinson Family, and Christopher Robinson. We went there—all of us—in the hope, and with the express understanding, that there was to be an open anti-slavery meeting in the Park. The meetings of the respective anti-slavery parties, we found, very little about. They have degenerated into mere sects, and are getting to be about as self-hating and corrupt as the church. Putting their faith in principles and powers, relying upon the dangerous influence of distinguished names, and revelling in the vanity and organizing among themselves a disgusting and despotic priesthood, they can no longer be praised for their simplicity, but must take rank with moral and religious corporations generally, whose motto is: "Our party, right or wrong." Looking on the anti-slavery organizations in this light, we were, of course, repelled at the idea of having a free anti-slavery meeting, on the broad blue sky; for we felt that such a meeting might be held independent on all sides. The Hutchinsons had entered into the idea of such a gathering, with all the enthusiasm of their nature, and very nearly all its expenses; but circumstances, which we have no time to detail, disconcerted our plans, and the meeting was not held. This was unfortunate, to say the least, for the weather was fine on the day appointed, and we should have had a demonstration which would have made the welkin ring. The people would have heard the words of song, though our anti-slavery ministers had merely poured forth one of their matchless anti-slavery melodies; the meeting would have done a better service for the slave than has been done at all the meetings in the "Tabernacle" for the last ten years. These cut and dried Tabernacle meetings, where the "federal linked words" of defunct country conventions are served up, year after year, without so much as being "warmed over," may do very well as mere exhibitions, or performances; but there is no more moral life to them—as a general rule—than to a convulsion of wretched politicians. There is a pure, passive class of persons who seem to enjoy them, after a fashion; but people of solid sense and staidness, who are not so much as they would be a compilation of old almanacs. Take the last of the meetings under notice, and what did it amount to, in view of our general national emergency? If it is not prudent to borrow a comparison of Mr. Garrison's, not "two chips." There were fine words there, fine sentiments, but "fine words"—as the proverb goes—"butter no parsnips." The speakers were Theodore Parker, Lucius Mott, Wendell Phillips and Frederick Douglass. Powerful speakers, all yet, with the exception of Douglass, who did not have his chance till the afternoon, when he most worried out, their speeches seemed to pass by like the idle wind. E. C. Douglass was far from being himself, partly because he was annoyed by the flight of a large number of the wearied people, just as he rose.

The last thing connected with the meeting was a spontaneous, unexpected song from the Hutchinsons, in the gallery. This song, though received with great enthusiasm by the audience, was anything but welcome to the politicians, the wretched class of which, murmured, these cut and dried Tabernacle meetings, where the "federal linked words" of defunct country conventions are served up, year after year, without so much as being "warmed over," may do very well as mere exhibitions, or performances; but there is no more moral life to them—as a general rule—than to a convulsion of wretched politicians. There is a pure, passive class of persons who seem to enjoy them, after a fashion; but people of solid sense and staidness, who are not so much as they would be a compilation of old almanacs. Take the last of the meetings under notice, and what did it amount to, in view of our general national emergency? If it is not prudent to borrow a comparison of Mr. Garrison's, not "two chips." There were fine words there, fine sentiments, but "fine words"—as the proverb goes—"butter no parsnips." The speakers were Theodore Parker, Lucius Mott, Wendell Phillips and Frederick Douglass. Powerful speakers, all yet, with the exception of Douglass, who did not have his chance till the afternoon, when he most worried out, their speeches seemed to pass by like the idle wind. E. C. Douglass was far from being himself, partly because he was annoyed by the flight of a large number of the wearied people, just as he rose.

H. C.—[HENRY CLAPP.]

From the Chronotype.

### THE HUTCHINSONS.

The most thoroughly ecclesiastical of all organizations at present existing, not excepting Pius's heaven that interior one, which is called the Society of Jesus, is what is called the "old organized" Am. A. S. Society. It has a sort of "Shikimi," two High Priests and a great High Priestess. One of the high priests is almost altogether occupied in taking care of the dead—censuring and excommunicating ghosts. At the last annual meeting, in New York, the ecclesiastical machinery was more apparent than we recollect ever to have seen it before. The Hutchinsons, who are of the April shower and June sunshine school, of which we spoke above, thought proper to sing some of their Sweet Songs to Henry Clay, the stirring orator. Many of their friends, and we among the rest, thought it was a pity for them to waste so much sweetness on such a barren soil, but no body, except the Ecclesiastical Anti-Slavery Society, thought of treating it as an anachronism to be atoned for only by kneeling, and tears and affusion of holy water. The last vestige of the reconciliation of the Hutchinsons, with the most singularly doubtful animus on the part of the harmonious penitents. The circumstances of the case are these:—The Hutchinsons in their simplicity attended the Anti-Slavery meeting, as if nothing had happened. They were in the debate, they spoke forth with one of their fine songs. One of the High Priests immediately rose and said, the Society was glad to hear the song, it was to be regarded as a sign of repentance, but not otherwise. If he (the High Priest) was incorrect in so regarding it, he wished them (the Hutchinsons) to signify it. And if he was correct, he wished them to signify it. The simple-hearted Hutchinsons, whether they were so deeply penitent, or so profoundly unconscious of guilt that they had nothing to repent of, were mute, and signified nothing. But before the close of the meeting, they sang another song, having really long ago earned the right to sing songs in all anti-slavery meetings, and not having forfeited it by singing anti-slavery to Henry Clay. Then rose again the High Priest, and pronounced solemnly that the Hutchinsons had repented, and were pardoned. Whether any anti-slavery apostate who returns and speaks twice in an anti-slavery meeting will be pardoned as easily, we don't know.

### THE TABLES TURNING.

The Western Continent, a paper published in Baltimore, strong in the slaveholding interest, gives us the following cheering intelligence:—

Within the past two years, the political tables have been turned, and now instead of Northern politicians trussing Southern capitalists, Southern politicians, who indulge schemes of personal ambition, find themselves under the necessity of shaping their actions, if not their opinions, to suit the views and interests of the free States. Thus it is, that small politicians, who, by the votes of a confiding constituency at home, have been transplanted to the political hotbed of Washington city, where they imagine they have taken root, and where they have grown at least to an inordinate estimate of their own importance, are found entering all their efforts to preserve the harmony of party. Party organization with them is paramount to all other considerations. By they hope to obtain federal honors and power, and they are utterly unscrupulous in the sacrifices they are called upon to make for its preservation. They are full of compromise and conciliation. They can sit for months under the abuse and insults of abolition members—they can witness the most insolent assumptions of power, and the most un-



OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1848.

## THE LIBERATOR.

OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND LABORERS ON LAND CONTRASTED.

WACHUSETT POND, (Mass.) April 17, 1848.

To JAMES HARRINGTON, Dublin, Ireland.

DEAR JAMES—I have often talked with you, over your dinner table, about the condition and character of the cultivators of the soil in New England. I am now in the family of one of these, and I would like to give you a picture of the scene around me. The word *farmer*, here, has a very different meaning from that which it has with you. A Yankee and an Englishman talking about farmers, would each have little conception of what the other meant by it, without some explanation. A farmer, in Britain and Ireland, means a man who hires land of the landlord, and is responsible to him for the rent, and who employs others to do the work, while he oversees the business. A farmer in New England is a man who owns the land on which he lives as a landlord, and who labors on his own soil; he is a laborer on the land.

J. T. EVERETT, in whose family I am, is a laborer in the Yankee sense. He was brought up to labor on land—to dig, to plough, to plant, to reap, and to gather into barns, with his own hands. He owns 160 acres of land, a part of which he ploughs and sows, part of which he has for pasture and meadow, and part for woodland; for farmers here generally have wood for fuel, which grows on their own land, always getting the wood hauled to the house from the forest in winter, and cut or sawed and piled up for summer use. It is more convenient to get wood on sledges on the snow in winter, and they have more time to attend to it then, for no ploughing or sowing can be performed here in that season. With you, they plough and plant and sow in winter as well as in summer. From 12 to 18 inches deep, and covered with snow most of the time, from the first of December to March; with you, the earth seldom freezes to any considerable depth, and is never covered with snow over a day or two at a time. A few hours' sun or rain sweeps away your heaviest snow.

J. T. Everett works his land with oxen, manures it with barn manure, plants and sows Indian corn, wheat, oats, and potatoes; keeps cows, sheep, pigs, fowls, and a horse for family use, to travel about, rather than for farm work. He begins to plough, sow and plant, about the first of April. He is now putting up his walls—almost the only fence in New England—pruning his fruit trees—carting and spreading manure, and having the wood saved short, split, and piled up in the wood-house. This is a busy and pleasant time of the year with farmers. Mr. Everett, aside from his own family, has one hired man to help him labor on his land. He gives him fourteen dollars per month, and finds him bed, food, washing and mending, which makes his wages at least twenty dollars per month, or 240 dollars per year. He is a young man, without a family, (few others here are so laborers on land.) Lives in the family, eats at the table with his employer and his children, and has his washing and mending done with that of the rest of the members. He and his employer work side by side, in the barn yard, in the field, and in the woods; and from their external appearance and labor, you could not distinguish the employer from the employed. In the front and common laborer's dress they work together. The laborer, and the landlord and his children, sit in the same room, around the same hearth-stone and same table, and altogether he is a part of the family, and makes its welfare his own, and shares in their prosperity or adversity. This is a specimen of the wages and the condition of the hired laborers on land in New England generally. How different from this class in your kingdom! Take Britain and Ireland—what is the average price of labor on land per month and year? Take all the kingdom, they would not average one with another, over twelve shillings a week (three dollars) or thirty-one pounds four shillings (or 156 dollars) per annum, and they find their own beds, clothes, washing, mending, food and housing. The hired laborer here gets thirty-six pounds (or 168 dollars), and has every thing found for him, except clothing. With you, they never eat at their employer's table with him and his children; they make no part of his household, and share no part of his luxuries. They get their weekly wages of twelve English shillings, or three dollars, and with that purchase supplies for themselves and families wherever they can get them. The farmer here and his hired laborers are of the same social standing, each feeling under equal obligation to the other, and each having an equal claim upon and power over the other. The farmer, or landlord, is as much a laborer as is his hired workman, and his fare the same. But with you, the farmer and laborers on land belong to different classes, and move in different social spheres. As I said, young men are generally the hired laborers on land in this country; and they work in that capacity but three or four years, till they can save enough money to buy some land and set up farming for themselves; and at the age of twenty-five, they have a home of their own, and are settled with a wife. With you, the hired laborer on the land lives and dies in that capacity. He never thinks of getting money to own a house and a bit of land. Not one in ten thousand ever arrives to be a landlord. A man who owns one acre of land is as lordly as really as he who owns millions; but not one in thousands of the hired laborers ever comes to be the lord of one acre with you. Ever with you,

same class generally become lords, not of one, merely, but fifty or one hundred acres, and live as independent owners of the soil they till, as is the Marquis of Westminster or of Breadalbane, of the soil which they do not till. It is very hard that those whose severe toil enriches and beautifies the lands of Albion and Erin, should never be able to own a foot of that land—not enough even to lay their bodies in after death. I say this is a hard lot, unjust, unnatural, and certainly will not always be. The present life, dissipated drones, that do nothing to produce the raw material, or to fit it for use, must give up their possessions, and those who work the land must own it.

Mr. Everett's house and barn are several rods asunder, as is generally the case with our New England farmers. He puts his hay, and grain of all kinds, into his barn, instead of stacking them out, as is done with you. Cattle and sheep and horses he is obliged to stable from November to April, at least five months, and the food he lays in for them is hay and oats, rye, and wheat straw. Oats are here raised for horses, and never for human food, as is generally the case in Ireland and Scotland. Oat meal, as it is called in Scotland, is a sort of porridge, and is called in Scotland, in both the same as *hasty pudding*, made of Indian corn meal, with it is never known among farmers here. They cannot understand how people can live on oat meal; and an hired laborer on land would not stay with his employer one week, if he were to give him *straw*, or oat meal in any shape, for breakfast. It takes a good deal of the labor of summer to lay up hay and food for cattle in winter. Our principal food for cattle, sheep and horses, is hay; with you, and especially in the north of England and Scotland, it is "turnip." This is seldom raised here for cattle feed.

The farm-house in which I am is one and a half story, with several rooms on the lower floor, and dormitories on the second. It is of wood, as nine-tenths of the farm houses of New England are, and painted white or red, but generally white. This is white, with many windows in it, for there is no tax on windows here, as in England. There is a neat and well-carpeted parlor, a very comfortable here, but seldom seen in the house of a laborer on land in your kingdom. In the parlor is a piano, and on it some one is playing at this moment—

Rites the car Emancipation  
Rides majestic through the nation, &c.

In the same room is a mirror, an essential article in the parlors of our farmers. Under the mirror is a mahogany table, and on that table is lying, at this moment, Frederick Bremer's works, a work by O. S. Fowler, applying the principles of Phrenology to Education—The Principles of Nature; her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind—by A. J. Davis, the Clairvoyant—a Phrenological Journal, and other periodicals; and works on Slavery, War, Capital Punishment, and Water Cure. There is a dining room with a carpet on it, and a kitchen, and two sleeping rooms on the same floor. There is a book-case in the dining room, and another in the kitchen. The kitchen is a small room, with a useful stove and a paper. Mr. Everett takes six newspapers—the Liberator, the Non-Resistant, the Christian Citizen, the Christian Reformer, the Spy, and the Ploughman. These are taken, and paid for, and read. He is a reformer, and an intelligent man. Amid his labors, he gets time to read. So do his children and his hired laborer. He has been a member of the Legislature from this town, (WACHUSETT), and our farmers are the best and wisest portion of our lawmakers. He has done with politics, because he cannot participate in them without compromising his anti-war or anti-slavery principles. He neither votes nor holds office. He pays about \$15 (\$23) annual tax. A farm and house and stock worth about \$4000 (\$2000) pays an average tax of the above-named amount. He has two daughters, grown up. He has no hired female laborers. His wife having recently come to her home in the spirit land, his daughters have the care of the family. One of them, this day, has done the weekly washing of the family, (it is Monday morning, 10 o'clock) and is now hanging out her clean white clothes to dry. Should you come into this house at 4 o'clock this afternoon, you might see that same daughter, neatly dressed, sitting by her piano, playing and singing some songs, matches or waltzes; or reading some political, or religious, or scientific newspaper; or journal, and in dress, and manners, and intelligence, altogether fit society for any company, however refined and intelligent. Had you come in four hours ago, you would have seen her in her working dress, over her wash tub, toiling for the cleanliness and health and comfort of father, sisters, brother and friends. The cooking and housework, of all kinds, are performed by the daughters; but they never go out to work on the land. Women never do that in New England. How much of the labor on land is done by women in Europe! I was quite horrified at it when I first saw it; but I believe it is a wise, and benevolent, and just practice. There is no reason in the world why they should be excluded from the privilege and health of outdoor labor, and every possible reason why they should not be. In this family, the bread is all baked at home. Not one in a thousand of our farmers ever go to bakers for bread. Indeed, there are few bakers in the country, except in large cities, and that few bake only crackers or gingerbread. This morning we had an Indian corn meal Johnny-cake, rich and good, eaten warm with butter. I wish you could have seen warm and tasted it, and you would never again have doubted the rich, nourishing, healthful, and agreeable properties of Indian corn, when made into a Johnny-cake, or a loaf of bread—for we had both for breakfast. Besides these, we had wheat bread, fried sausages, potatoes, boiled yeast-dumplings, and cut into small bits and warmed, a dish very general among our farmers. There were the aged grandfather, the father, the five children, a sister of the departed wife, the hired man, and myself—ten of us, not one of whom took tea, except the hired laborer. He thinks he must have the luxury, as it is falsely called, of a cup of tea for breakfast and supper, and it is made for him, and him alone. All the rest of us had our tumbler of cold water; even the aged grandfather, over 80, had his cold water, and he drinks it with the rest of the family at every meal, and has for some years. All alcohol has been banished from

the house in all farms for twenty years. No beer, no cider even, and no tea or coffee, or any hot, narcotic drinks, except for the hired man. Pure, salt, cold, delicious spring water for breakfast, dinner and supper. Our supper corresponds with your tea. Not indeed with your tea, for thanks to your good sense, and fidelity to the laws of your physical being, your drink is water, cold water, and brought besides, unless nine months have wrought a revolution backwards—which I do not believe.

You will rejoice to know that not one in ten of all the farmers of New England uses any kind of alcoholic drinks on his farm—not cider or beer—neither drinking it themselves, nor furnishing it to their hired laborers. Twenty-five years ago, not one in a thousand carried on farming without it—nor could men then be hired to work, unless the employer would furnish rum. No farmer nor mechanic ever called on a neighbor without drinking rum, or alcohol in some shape. It was indispensable to hospitality, and he was accounted a niggard and covetous man who refused it. How changed! It is wonderful in our eyes, who lived in those drunken days, and who yet live. Among the farmers and mechanics and laborers of New England—the natives—alcohol is in great disgrace and neglect. Seldom any one thinks of offering it to his neighbors in any form. When will England and Scotland join us in this work? Ireland has—so long as the stays at home—but, whenever she comes over the Atlantic, she very often leaves her tetanoid behind. The salt sea washes it all away. The emigrants cannot resist the temptation of cheap rum and whiskey; and a large portion of the grog shops kept in New-York and Philadelphia, are kept by men from the Green Isle. Tell them to stay at home and starve to death, tetanoiders, rather than come over here, and have plenty to eat, and be drunkards, and in making others drunk.

You would be interested to sit down at the tables of our farmers, and see the abundance of rich and wholesome provisions with which they are covered. It is almost universal to have meat for breakfast and dinner, together with potatoes, apple sauce, (or ham) wheat and Indian corn bread, butter and cheese;—yes—cheese for breakfast and supper, or tea, as you call the third meal. I know not that I ever saw cheese on a table in England or Ireland, at breakfast or tea. I did see it in Scotland. You would see various kinds of sweet cake. But the meat is not meat eat away. You live on vegetable, and only vegetable diet. I believe you are better and a more healthful man for your rice, your fruit, your bread, your barley, your milk, your sugar, your potato, and your cold water. Hold on to these till you die, despite the allurements of your social position, and the pleasant and loving cuts and thrusts of your happy, and dearly remembered domestic circle.

You would be struck with the contrast between the appearance of the land and the trees of your country and this, at this moment. It is the 17th of April. Not a green leaf is to be seen of this spring's growth, in all the woods about me. The trees, both fruit and forest, are perfectly bare; the buds beginning to swell; the pastures and meadows look brown and sear; scarce any green grass of this year's growth has yet appeared; scarce any flowers; a little child, a few moments since, brought me a dandelion flower as a wonder. Every thing looks very desolate and dreary, but warm spring is come, and in three weeks will clothe the earth and woods in a verdant and flowery garment. How different in Ireland and England! What a rich verdure clothes your pastures and meadows! Even in winter it is greener than ours in summer. You have constant moisture, and no extreme cold; our climate is in summer extremely hot and dry, and in winter, O, how bitter cold!—and what snow storms! One never tires admiring the exceeding richness, verdure, and garden-like appearance of the pastures and meadows of Britain and Ireland, in most places, where the land is cultivated.

There are six houses in this little place where I now am. It is called Everettsville—a group of intelligent, happy neighbors, most all farmers, living right under Wachusett mountain, 45 miles west of Boston, and one of the first points of land seen as you come from the East into Boston harbor. The farm house in which I am, stands on the banks of Wachusett pond. I look out of my window, as I write, upon the calm, clear pond, or lake—about three miles in circumference. Rude rocks and rough hills are all around. New England is a hard, stony land; you would wonder how people could live here; yet you would see them living in great comfort, intelligence and happiness. There is not one in ten, of all the farmers (laborers on land) in New England, who does not take a weekly newspaper, and most all take two, one political, and one religious.

In this little village is a good school-house, and many of the men and women are *counters*, a significant phrase in this country, and designating a class here, which was designated by Christians in olden time. They have been obliged to come out of all church and political organizations, in order to be just and honest men and women, and to work for the redemption of man from the auction-stand and battlefield. There is a chair factory here, and a tannery, and all over New England you will see all sorts of trades carried on side by side with farming.

I have just had in my company, two aged brothers, named Everett, both over eighty, and one little child of five, grand-daughter to one of them. These brothers have been here sixty-five years, and look back on nearly a century of changes and revolutions. Extreme old age—and childhood—the representatives of human existence! I love to stand between the two, and turn from the one to the other—and call forth the mysteries that are contained in both.

I have given you a sketch of a New England farmer and his family. The sketch will hold good of a large portion of that class among us. They are surrounded with abundance, and are as independent as they can reasonably wish to be. One thing I forgot to mention. Every farm-house has board and painted floors to the rooms. How few of the peasantry of Ireland have that luxury! Earth, nothing but earth, have they. Not one in twenty of all our farmers but has one or more spare beds kept on purpose for company. How few of the laborers on land in your kingdom have any such thing!

This is a glorious country; but I cannot bear to speak of its advantages, for it is cursed with slavery. I wish the laborers of Old England could enjoy the physical comforts of the same class in New England; but over more than half of this nation, the laborers on land are counted as brute beasts, and are bought and sold as such.

H. C. WRIGHT.

## DARING OUTRAGE—BURGLARY AND KIDNAPPING.

The following letter tells its own startling and most painful story. Every manly and generous heart must burn with indignation at the villainy it describes, and bleed with sympathy for the almost heart-broken sufferers.

DOWNTOWN, 19th 4mo, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—This morning, our family was aroused by the screams of a young colored girl, who had been living with us nearly a year past—but we were awakened only in time to see her borne off by three white men, ruffians indeed, to a carriage at our door, and in an instant, they were on her way to the South. I feel so much excited by the attendant circumstances of this daring and atrocious deed, as scarcely to be able to give a coherent account of it; but I know that it is my duty to make it known, and I therefore write this immediately.

As soon as the house was opened in the morning, these men, who were lurking about, having a carriage in waiting in the street, entered on their horrid errand. They encountered no one in their entrance, except a colored boy who was making the fire, and who being frightened at their appearance, ran and hid himself. Taking a lighted candle from the kitchen, and carrying it up stairs, they went directly to the chamber in which the poor girl lay in a sound sleep. They lifted her from her bed, and carried her down stairs. In the entry of the second floor, they met one of my sisters, who, hearing an unusual noise, had sprung from her bed. Her screams, and those of the poor girl, who was now thoroughly awakened to the dread of the truth, aroused my father, who hurried undressed from his chamber on the ground floor. My father's efforts were powerless against the three; they threw him off, and with frightful imprecations hurried the girl to the carriage. Quickly as possible, they shouldered her before a magistrate, and rushed through the borough at full speed about a half an hour before. They had two horses to their vehicle, and there were three men besides those in the house. These particulars we gather from the colored boy, Ned, who, from his hiding place, was watching them in the road.

Can anything be done for the rescue of this girl from her kidnappers? We are surprised and alarmed; this deliberate invasion of our house is a thing unimagined. There must be some informer, who is acquainted with our house, and its arrangements, or they would never have come so boldly through. Truly, there is no need to preach about slavery in the abstract; this individual case combines every wickedness by which human nature can be degraded.

Truly thy friend,  
MARY B. THOMAS.

## ANOTHER ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE.

Washington correspondence of the True Democrat.

Yesterday, soon after the House adjourned, three or four fellows from Alexandria seized a free negro near the Capitol, who was in the employ of Mr. Hall of the United States Hotel, and attempted to drag him off by force. Mr. Hall happened to be passing by at the moment in a large crowd of Congressmen and ladies, and through the throng collected around the negro, and caught hold of him to prevent their carrying him away. He told them that all he demanded was justice, and requested that they should take him before a magistrate, but they refused, and attempted to drag him away. Mr. Bayly of Virginia, a member of the House, and formerly a Judge, urged the kidnappers to hold on to him and drag him off. Mr. Hall held his grasp, and finally prevailed upon them to take him into a carriage and before a magistrate. He wished they should take him before a magistrate, but they refused, and attempted to drag him away. 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it is now a favorable time for housekeepers to purchase.

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